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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

"At the village of Shabatzgari, forty miles north-east of Peshawar, we saw the great rock inscription of the Emperor Asoka—the edict of religious toleration which that monarch put forth in 256 B. C. and caused to be permanently displayed in such manner in even the remotest parts of his empire. We made paper impressions, or 'rubbings' of this imperial proclamation written in the Karoshty character, and which declares:

" 'A man must not do reverence to his own sect by disparaging that of another man for trivial reasons. Depreciation should be for adequate reasons only, because the sects of other people deserve reverence for one reason or another.

" 'By thus acting, a man exalts his own sect, and at the same time does service to the sects of other people. By acting contrariwise, a man hurts his own sect, and does disservice to the sects of other people. For he who does reverence to his own sect, while disparaging all other sects, from a feeling of attachment to his own, on the supposition that he thus glorifies his own sect, in reality by such conduct inflicts severe injury on his own sect.' "

—*From October Century Magazine.* (See editorial note.)

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVIII · THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1906 · NUMBER 5

A PETITION.

Let me get not far from the common road,
With, all around me, the common things;
Let me feel the nip of the Winters' cold;
The quiver and stir of budding Springs;
The Summers' heat, and the Autumns' lull;
And a sense of the old world beautiful.

Let me hear the children about the house;—
No sermon so great in all the land—
Let me greet the glance of an earnest eye,
The cheerful clasp of a toiling hand;
Let me linger where throbs the heart of Life,
And where hope and valor mark the strife.

Be deaf my ears to the siren notes
That lure to vain and glittering peaks,
Where seldom the feet of mortals tread,
And only a frigid nature speaks;
The great sun glints from their chilly spires,
To kindle in gentle vales his fires.

Let me find true rest in weariness;
Let me know the worth of the grime of things;
And face, clear-eyed, the struggling days
That come with bruises, but not with stings.
The Just One ruleth this Vast Estate;
Shall I count that little which He makes great?

JULIAN A. DUBOIS.

With its Secretary of State at Panama, its Secretary of War in Cuba, its President afloat on the high seas watching the gunnery of battleships, the executive branch of the United States is certainly widely distributed.

The world is too busy to take much note of the centennial celebration of the discovery of Pike's Peak, but it is an event in which our school children will be much interested, and the occasion ought to be rendered into its pedagogical value.

Stensland, the defaulting banker, was captured by a newspaper reporter on the staff of the *Chicago Tribune*. This may not be a source of surprise, for the newspaper man is everywhere, but it is noteworthy that this poor young man turned over the five thousand dollars reward, which was his, for the benefit of the defrauded depositors of the bank. Let other possessors of easy money go and do likewise.

In the death of Robert R. Hitt, Illinois has lost perhaps its one man in public life who deserved the high title of "statesman." He won his way into the confidence of all nations, became a real leader in Congress, by virtue of an inward worth. He began his public career as Abraham Lincoln's stenographer of the world famous Lincoln-Douglas debate. Now that the account is closed, Illinois should humbly confess its ingratitude and stolidity. He was the one man who by preëminence deserved the senatorial toga for which lesser men struggled and won.

A correspondent sends us a clipping that is as refreshing as it is startling. It tells of how the Rev. Father Lynch, of the St. Francis Church, of Catholic persuasion, wrote to the Minnesota Methodist conference regarding the removal of the Rev. Harry W. Knowles from the Methodist pastorate of Brainard, of that state, stating that if the cause of his removal was financial he would be glad to see that that cause was removed. We hope that this newspaper item reports a real occurrence. Like the olive branch brought by the dove to Noah's ark, it is a sign that the submerged continent is coming to sight again; the waters of bigotry are receding.

"The Chicago Institute of Social Science" is the attractive title of an organization well loaded with prominent names, but those who are at hand and on the inside, know that it is the child of Graham Taylor's brain, the nursling of his diligent hand. It is an attempt to give training to special social workers, either through the church, in settlement centers, or at home. A special course is about to be given to resident and non-resident settlement club workers. During the autumn quarter the conduct of girls' and boys' clubs will be under consideration. The meetings will be held on Saturday afternoons at 2 o'clock in the Fine Arts building. For further particulars address the above title, 180 Grand avenue, Chicago.

The women who last summer at Tower Hill gave serious study to John Ruskin's "Joy Forever," took the dress problem seriously to heart, and they went apart by themselves to discuss what they could do in the matter. Several sessions were held, suggestions were submitted for the purpose of eventually condensing and summarizing the same for publication. But, as might be expected, the large problem and the short time brought the consultations to an end before the consummation was reached. We print in another column a partial report made by one member of the committee. Perhaps in a later issue further discussion, based on the labors of this Tower Hill committee of women, may appear. Be that as it may, here is a suggestion which other women, occupying more strategic ground, capable of wielding more influence, may well copy and improve.

The Senior Editor of UNITY twenty-seven years ago received from a brother minister the facetious question, "I would like to know how you are coming on with your Free Church; are you yet able, as was intimated you would be, to lend money to your salaried brother? Not that I want to borrow, but I am awaiting with interest the result of your experiment." It took three years to make a beginning. All Souls Church, Chicago, was launched in 1882. It took four years to house the bantling; the first building was dedicated in 1886. Twenty years after, the Abraham Lincoln Centre was completed and is now running with a working force of sixteen salaried people, with a fringe of many others who give much time to the work. But there is much more work to be done than the workers are able to do, and, alas! the minister has no "money to lend to his salaried brethren." But the effort to realize a "Free Church," without creed, label, or pew rentals, has got this far along. Let others take heart, take hold and go further.

A contributor in the October number of *America* makes the startling inquiry, "Is Emperor William a Mohametan?" We hardly know whether or not the writer meant us to take him literally, but certainly there is ingenuity in the argument that not only Emperor William, with his fatalistic faith in the "divine right of kings," but that "President Roosevelt, Elihu Root, and other distinguished disciples of the sword, are converts to the Koran." He further argues that it is but a short step "from the fatalism of McKinley's 'Destiny and Duty' to the belief in conversion by the sword." This writer claims that "A war of subjugation can only be defended by a believer in the Koran which advocates 'War, despotism, obedience to superiors, and the dominion of the sword." We question much the scholarship of this broad distinction between the two Bibles. The larger truth probably would recognize too many gory texts and still more gory precedents in the Christian Bible, and not a few benign texts of peace, amity, and spiritual primacy of love in the Koran. Bible authorities aside, the domination of the sword must go; the potency, the conquering power of love must come. And that is the wisest diplomat who most clearly sees and most heroically trusts this tendency.

The October *Century Magazine* contains a most interesting article by a Japanese Count, who is Lord Abbot of a Buddhist monastery at Kioto. It is a personal narrative of the pilgrimage to the Buddhist Holy Land. Of this Count the Editor of the *Century* well says:

> "The followers of Christianity will particularly be impressed by the sincerity and reverence of this record of a pilgrimage in honor of the founder of an Asiatic religion which has much in common with the Christian faith. Nothing in the narrative is more suggestive than the story of the inscription concerning religious sects which was promulgated in Asia centuries before the founding of the Christian religion."

This inscription of the great King Asoka, who anticipated the Parliament of Religions in an effort to bring into conference all the differing and sometimes warring representatives of religion of his day, we print as our frontispiece this week. It may well occupy such a position of honor on the pages of all our religious exchanges. It ought to be illuminated, framed, and hung up in every minister's study in christendom. Surely, he who made Asia mild has a message still to Europe and America. Truth and piety are indeed cosmopolitan. The heart of the Indian prophet-prince and that of the Judean prophet-carpenter were strangely akin.

The grewsome drama of the last Chicago bank failure has come to a spectacular end. Stensland, the defaulter and forger, having been discovered in far off Tangiers, faced the music, confessed his sins, and in four hours after he reached Chicago was on his way to the state prison. The lesson is an impressive one in every way. It ought to be an overwhelming argument in the interest of a postal savings bank law. The bill now in the hands of the committee on post-office and post laws provides for the deposit on the part of men and women, but limits the amount deposited to three hundred dollars a year and cuts off the interest on sums in excess of a thousand dollars. We see no reason for these limitations. It is obviously a concession to the bankers whose persistent opposition has kept this righteous law from the national statute books too long. Why should not children as well as adults deposit any sums of money for any length of time and receive a minimum interest for the same? These concessions to the banking fraternity may give the shadow and not the substance of a law. When Governor Deneen of Illinois in his welcome to the Bankers' Convention the other day urged the bankers to take more active interest in the legislation concerning franchises, particularly railroad transportation, he was committing the goose to the charge of the fox. Too long have the legislators of the nation consulted the capitalistic interests of that nation. Not commercial prosperity nor the financial interests of its citizens, but justice and fair play all around should be the quest of legislators.

A Century of Life!

And not a dead day in the one hundred years! Every blooming spring found welcome; every serene autumn found its fitting reflection. The heat of one hundred midsummers did not overcome the energy of her spirit, and one hundred winter snows did not chill the ardor of her heart.

It is given to but few human bodies to round out a century of mortal time, to still fewer souls to occupy all the rooms of such a tenement during an entire hundred years.

Such was the privilege of Jane Findlay Nicholson, who on the first day of February last celebrated her

one hundredth birthday, and a few days ago slept into her rest.

At her one hundredth anniversary she received the congratulations and the gratitude of the champions of all the worthy reforms, the workers in all the great fields of progress; she was then alert to the latest news, vigilant to watch the most recent developments.

Mrs. Nicholson was born in North Carolina,—a Quaker, by inheritance, by training, and by temperament. At an early age she was carried to Ohio and forty years ago came to Indianapolis. In all the vicissitudes of a long life she discharged the higher duties of mother, wife and neighbor by being the friend of the black man, the champion of woman, the fearless thinker in the realms of religion, the advocate of the new education, an independent in politics, in religion, and in society.

The writer of this note has known the benignity of this life for thirty years or more and ventures to acknowledge a measureless debt of gratitude on behalf of the countless others who, with him, have been strengthened by the serenity of her smile and the cheerfulness of her spirit. She knew the calm of the storm-tossed, the keel of whose craft reaches the stillness and the poise of the deeper waters. UNITY extends its sympathies and congratulations to those who still in her presence were children and who leaned still upon the mother spirit, although the Nicholsons and the MacKays occupy a large place in the life of Indianapolis and in the story of progressive movements and practical reforms in the West.

"The City Problem"

The resignation of the Rev. W. B. Thorp, pastor of the South Congregational Church, after a seven years' ministry of signal earnestness, ability, public spirit and civic loyalty, has aroused an interest far beyond the confines of his own society. A prompt protest and request to withdraw his resignation came from an overwhelming majority of his constituents, while a small but "influential" minority thought perhaps he might better go. The newspapers have given publicity to the discussion. No unkind word is spoken, no reflections against the minister's character or ability; his public and private ministry are commended; his audiences have been creditable if not phenomenal; the only "skeleton in the closet" is the old grinning one—"an annual deficit"—the finances run low.

In a moment of confidence Mr. Thorp gave to the newspapers his own diagnosis of the situation. He said in effect that it was simply the city problem, the constant moving of the wealthy and of the working members of the church towards the circumference of the city or beyond, leaving behind them plenty of people, but people of less means and those deficient in church habits and loyalty.

In this interview Mr. Thorp has simply stated the common experience of all the protestant churches in Chicago, and the obvious fact. Throughout the entire history of Chicago, the first churches in all denominations, and their "popular" children, have trekked outward from the center, moving southward, westward or northward, as case may be, tagging after the wealthy and the loyal, but never quite successfully keeping up, with perhaps few signal exceptions, the churches in this moving, fighting battle of life, growing more desperate. Enough people are left behind, the population of the abandoned territory has increased, but the churches have not succeeded in enlisting their interest or in training them into efficient coöperation. Meanwhile, as the *Chicago Record-Herald* puts it in a wise editorial, the minister is subjected to "much unfair criticism and to unreasonable demands":

> It is admitted that many of the old members of the church have moved away and that others have died. It is admitted in the common phrase that the neighborhood has deteriorated and that the newcomers are disinclined to attend church services. But these same unregenerate people are not affected in the slightest degree by the admissions. If they are hit they never realize that the blow has landed, and if they paid any attention at all to the discussion of conditions they would probably regard it with derision or resentment.
>
> Under the circumstances no satisfaction is to be had from blaming the neighborhood. One might better punch a pillow. But there stands the preacher alone in a high place, the easiest mark in the world, and not infrequently the entire responsibility for vacant pews and an empty treasury is dropped on his poor shoulders. Do what he will, the discussion comes back to him. If he is an eloquent talker and combines with eloquence rare spiritual gifts, but is at the same time a poor organizer, the conviction grows that what the church needs is an organizer. If his sermons are uninteresting and his time is devoted to efforts at organization, the wise judges in the pews decide that what is required is a more inspired preaching of the word. Then, again, some people call for orthodox sermons and some for liberal sermons and some for sociological essays. Moreover, if organization is the thing insisted on there is a difference of opinion as to methods of organization or working or hustling or whatever it may be called. If music is made a feature of the services and the announcement of a musical program prevails over the heathen to such an extent that a few of them drop in for a single morning, it is pointed out by the men who are experienced in ways and means that they leave nothing in the contribution box and that they will not stick. If the preacher tries to liven things up generally the more conservative members of the flock frown upon his sensationalism. If he is eternally busy with all sorts of schemes he finds that the active co-workers of the flock are few and that there is always an oversupply of wise counsel that is commonly delivered with an air of final authority.
>
> Meantime the neighborhood continues to deteriorate, the empty pews grow more appalling, and the demand for a change in the pulpit and for an "upbuilder" increases. What the new man must be is not clear, except that he must be different from the present incumbent.
>
> This so far has been a recital of facts; it is a general recital without special reference to any one locality, and it is not now to be converted into a sermon for the churches. Our only comment is that the poor scapegoat of a preacher is entitled to some sympathy.

Barring the journalistic "itch for over-statement," the editorial comment of the *Record-Herald* is just. The seriousness of the situation is too profound for levity. If the church is a social luxury, a neighborhood privilege, to be enjoyed when other attractions fail, to be attended when convenient, to be supported out of the residue of one's income,—in short, the rag ends of rich men's finances and the fag ends of busy

men's lives, they deserve the fate described above and sooner or later will have to go. That this is the practical conclusion of an ever increasing number of prosperous, intelligent and fairly moral people in Chicago and elsewhere, is obviously true to the careful student.

But if, as we believe, the church stands for a fundamental necessity, that it is allied to the permanent well being of the community, that as an institution it holds a fundamental place in human needs, midway between the home and the state, the situation calls for radical investigation and profound treatment. Not the minister but the layman most needs reconstruction in Chicago. The sociological and ethical potency of the church must be increased by strengthening its support, enlarging its sphere of usefulness, building it, not on wheels ready to be moved on slight provocation, but on foundations that lay hold of the fundamental rock, so that, though "men may come and men may go," the church stays, planted in history and tradition, commanding the support and coöperation of successive ages.

To do this, sectarian ambitions and rivalries must be ameliorated; dogmatic contentions must cease; bigotry must give way to service, and the enlarging service must call more and more for greater sacrifice. The hope of the city church lies in a re-adjustment of values on the part of its supporters. The present money and time schedules are sadly defective. Men are more willing to endow, to munificently support, the hospital that attends to broken bones than the church whose business it is to deal with broken hearts or depleted spirits. The church is to stay in the city; it will become more and more an endowed institution representing the accumulating consecrations of the living and the dead. The responsibilities of ministry will rest no less heavily upon the pulpit, but it will find vastly more support in the pews than now. Let the prosperous business man, the aggressive women, in clubs or social functions, look well to their duties here. Duties well attended to become privileges.

Mr. Thorp's case is no exception. A block away the Memorial Baptist Church lost its accomplished pastor, Rev. Mr. Tuller, a few months ago for the same reason. Half a block beyond, the Methodist pastor, Rev. Mr. MacDonald, is going. We mention these names because they are the nearest neighbors to the Abraham Lincoln Centre; they were co-workers in its tasks; their names are familiar to UNITY readers. Mr. Tuller and Mr. Thorp are active contributors on our staff. These men join the long line of able men whom Chicago, to its shame and debility, has allowed to go, not on account of their weakness, but on account of their strength. Mr. Thorp's going will be one more calamity. He, like his predecessors, will find worthy work elsewhere, but the church he leaves behind him will realize when it is too late that it has made another mistake.

Mother Bickerdyke As I Knew Her

BY MRS. FLORENCE S. KELLOGG, FAY, KANSAS.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LAST YEARS.

"I can no longer walk swiftly, but I must walk all the more diligently."

Though Mother Bickerdyke may not have had this thought consciously in mind in the four years that lay between the celebration of her eightieth birthday and the end of her earthly pilgrimage, her life expressed it. She seemed also to realize that for her time here was growing short and what she had to do she must do quickly. She kept steadily to her work of helping soldiers to get pensions, of looking after the needs of their widows and orphans and, in so far as it was possible to her, of making glad the barren places of life, but she lived and worked more and more quietly with longer and more frequent resting spells between her hours of labor. She went less and less from home, and accepted with gratitude the ever increasing care and watchfulness over her of her son and her faithful "maid servant," Lydia. Lydia, who had, by her long devotion and service, won such a place in the little family that she was not regarded as a servant, but rather, as Mother Bickerdyke would say, "As one of us," and whose care of her was more like that of a daughter for her mother than of one who worked for the weekly wage.

Friends came and went to the quiet, cozy home. The light-hearted and happy came to share their joys —the poor and sorrowing came seeking aid and sympathy—and to each one she gave according to their need. As in other years she dictated letters and planned and directed the making of garments for the needy, but her working hours grew shorter and more and more gladly when

"Night had hushed the clamor and the stir."

in the village streets, and all grew quiet about her, she sat in her easy chair by the fireside in the winter evenings, or upon the porch wreathed round with blossoming vines, at the close of the summer day, and held quiet converse with the son—he who knew no joy greater than that of making "mother" comfortable and happy. Often her thoughts reverted to the time of her army life, and she talked of the scenes in the hospitals and upon the fields, or toiled again over the long marches. Her tones would grow tremulous and her eyes moist as she told some touching story of a soldier's death and of the last messages given her for the dear ones at home—for the bravest are ever the tenderest and those who so willingly and gladly gave their lives for their country in her need, thought not of self, but of others in their last hours. After the sad story would come others less so—those that brought a ready laugh from both mother and son —the while the air was filled with the drowsy hum of insects, the chirping of crickets and the persistent call of the katy-did—all mingling pleasantly with the quiet voices and making memories never to be forgotten. But even of this the good mother would weary and soon the "good nights" would be said and she went to her rest while he lingered over some school problem or read the inspiring thoughts of some favorite author.

Thus the quiet day melted into months and the months stretched out to years and left them still together, with the tie between them growing ever more tender, more holy.

Away back in 1887 the city of Ellsworth, located in

the county adjoining Russell county, on the east and about twenty-five miles from Bunker Hill, bought a tract of land comprising one hundred and sixty acres and deeded the same to the G. A. R. of Kansas "as a perpetual holding and a permanent home for state reunions and aged soldiers and their families, their widows and orphans, with the express condition that a reunion of ex-Union soldiers should be held upon this land at least once in every two years." This condition, for some reason, was not properly complied with, and in 1897 the W. R. C. of the state was given the management of the place. With them began the practice of caring only for the widows and orphans of ex-soldiers. An average of forty women and children were supported here for a period of five years, when the state took charge and designated the same as the "Mother Bickerdyke Soldiers' Home and Annex to the State Soldiers' Home." The friend who kindly gives me this information adds farther, "There are fifteen substantial brick cottages, two hospitals, a headquarters building, etc. These were all erected by the state, though most of them since 1888. Both hospitals are well equipped, have competent nurses, and are steam heated. One hospital has old ladies as inmates, who are practically helpless, two of them being above ninety-eight years old. In this building there are sixteen old ladies, in the other seven. After the state took control of this place the needy mothers of ex-soldiers were also admitted there. The larger hospital has twenty rooms. The total number of women and children at this home at present (1906) is forty-five. There are fourteen children, and those of school age attend the school of Ellsworth. To these people everything is furnished by the state. They have literally no expense except in the case of those receiving pensions, who pay a small amount for washing. They have each a good home, with fuel, food and clothing. The whole is under the control of the same board of trustees that have charge at Fort Dodge.

"When the state took charge it was designated as the Mother Bickerdyke Home. This as a tribute to her. She had no other connection with it and was in no wise responsible for its progress. A room was set apart, furnished and known as Mother Bickerdyke's room, and was occupied by her on her occasional visits."

To beautify the grounds around this Home many trees were set out. Many of them are named for different individuals whom the people would honor and whose memory they would commemorate. Among them are several of extra beauty named and dedicated Mother Bickerdyke, which seems much more beautiful to me than the erecting of monuments of stone, the great, wide-spreading branches inviting the passerby to rest and repose fittingly symbolize her widespread charities with the beauty and graciousness of her love. To this home she loved to go, and after longer journeys grew too tiresome for her she still went here. Here, as elsewhere, love greeted her. The women and children gathered around her and told her of their daily lives, their interests and their desires. Some of them were the widows and children of soldiers whom she had nursed and with whom she had stayed until death had come to end the struggle and the pain. They never tired of talking with her, nor did any other, and the days of her visits were "red letter days" in their calendar. I think, though I can not now be certain of it, that her last little trip from home was to this Home —that here she made her last visit.

A few times in these last four years she attended state reunions of soldiers, but only once did she go farther, that was when, in October, 1898, she went back to Cincinnati, Ohio, to join in the thirteenth annual meeting of the "Army of the Tennessee," where she delivered an address. She was elected a member of this society and was presented with an official badge, of which she was very proud, and which she prized so highly that it was pinned upon her breast as she lay in her last long sleep, and worn to the grave. Picture this woman standing in all the glory of her eighty-one well spent years, before this great crowd of ex-soldiers, and speaking to them words and sentences glowing with hope and patriotism, words that would come back to them long after and would ever incite them to higher life and greater endeavor! Picture the scene as they came around her, eager to press her hand once more and to hear again her fervent "God bless you, my boys!" See them as they—these old gray-bearded men—but her boys still—as they put their arms around her and try once more to thank her for all she has done and been to them; listen while in voices trembling with emotion and sometimes choked with tears—tears that do not shame their strong manhood, but tell rather of its depth and truth—they talk of the times when she helped them win the fight for life and made it possible for them still to live and serve. Seeing, hearing all this, who could doubt the soldiers' love for her? Who could help but sympathize with her in her joy in it all? Yet it was a joy mingled with sadness, for she and they alike felt it would be the last time she could be among them thus, and when they kissed her good bye—as so many of them did, they knew it was the last time her lips of flesh would meet theirs. She said "Good bye, I shall not see you again here. I am getting old and must soon be mustered out, but we shall find one another somewhere, some time." With these and similar words of hope and faith they parted—the soldiers to go to their many scattered homes and take up their varied work with renewed courage and strength, because of this meeting with the old mother and the old comrades, and she to go up into Knox county to visit her old home and the relatives yet left there. Here, too, joy mingled with sadness as she went from place to place made dear to her by early association and noted the changes everywhere. But she knew progress must ever bring changes and with resolute will she put the sad thoughts from her and found pleasure in the newer scenes—the later growths. She missed the great forests where she had loved to search for the earliest spring blossoms, and where in autumn she had gathered nuts, mosses, ferns and long sprays of beautiful vines with leaves of purple, crimson and gold. She missed the old springs the great trees had sheltered, and the streams that once went singing on their way through wood and field, but she saw, with pleasure the more comfortable homes of the people, the larger school houses and more numerous churches. In fancy she "wandered through her yesterday" with her husband by her side, building again those airy castles that were so little like the reality Time brought to her. But she knew all was well and still she faced life bravely, finding, as all must find who live worthily and give loving service to those around them—

"Life's latest sands its sands of gold,"
and knowing there is good everywhere.

Here, as everywhere she went, friends welcomed her gladly, lovingly, and urged her to stay longer with them. But though she was glad to see them again, and felt all the warmth of their love, she could not tarry long. She missed the broad sweep of the Kansas prairies, their many voices called her to "Come back."

THE PULPIT.

Conscience Calls

A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, DELIVERED IN THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 30, 1906.

I.

THE CALL OF THE CITY.

The midsummer time makes rustics of us all. The higher the civilization the more beneficent is the ministration of the trees. Were we to frankly confess the truth, most of us this morning would say: My heart is in the woods; I come hither with reluctant feet. I have been driven, not drawn, to the city. Business, schools, family, social or civic duties, have driven us hither.

Life seems so much less strenuous, at least to the conscience, in the country. Our wants are fewer; our social obligations are less exacting; the machinery of life is immensely simplified. It is easier to be serene under the trees, in the quiet of the forest, by river or lake side, where birds do congregate and where the quiet is emphasized, not broken, by cowbells and farm yard calls. It is easier to believe in God, to enter into communion with the lofty, to interpret the poet's vision, to understand his rhapsody and to sing his hymns of praise in the country. Under the trees religion finds the thoughtful heart more readily; it is true that there the conventions and the artificialities of piety fail to hold. The soul that takes account of the spiritual investments, out of doors, that checks up the accumulations found in the bank of character, in the woods is in danger of finding a shrinkage in the stocks; some of the assets that seemed valuable in the city do not prove up in the sunlight or under the trees. The religion that is perfunctory, the piety that is narrow, the faith in God that is provincial, that path to heaven that is deemed a peculiar privilege open only to the initiated, do not seem to hold out under the trees. Sanctimoniousness, dogmatism, denominational arrogance, ecclesiastical pride, suffer in the woods. It is easier to be a Baptist, a Presbyterian, a Unitarian, or what not, in the city than it is in the country. In the crowded throngs of the city we may cherish our Catholic, Protestant or Jewish labels with pride, but out under the clear sky of God Catholic traditions are lost in a Catholicism more sublime and the sense of a Judaic inheritance vanishes in the sense of kinship with non-Jew. There the five points of Calvinism are ameliorated; the iron prongs are changed into the four fingers and thumb of the human hand, giving and receiving fellowship. Sectarian religion does not find itself much at home under the oaks; there is something in the pines that hurts our pretensions and puts us on the splendid, holy low lands of God, where we are glad to confess kinship with those who differ from us. There we see that it is a small and mean thing to have fellowship only with those who agree with us. A very mean man may like those who are just like himself, but it takes a philosopher, nay, a saint, to like those who are unlike ourselves; to have fellowship with those who differ from us; to thank a man for saying "nay" to our affirmations if thereby our own affirmations may be more wisely tested and our own views made more clear or benignly modified. Religion grows companionable under the trees; there it is easier to say "how-do-you-do?" How dogmatism and the conceits of creeds are neutralized in the woods!

But there are other stocks that greatly appreciate out of doors. The accumulated funds of honesty, truthfulness and kindness, appear at par value under the pines. The open hand, the warm heart, and the kind word stand the test of the oaks. A gentle deed and a soft word, whether you deal with a man or a colt, with a cow or a lady, is not minimized by the sunlight. They stand the test of the stars. Whatsoever makes for character, awakens thought and quickens love, is countenanced out of doors. In the woods it is easier to realize that there can be no dishonest thinking. It is only the make-believe, the pretense of thought, the absence of thought, that is dishonest. In the woods we find the laws of integrity as inevitable and imperative as the laws of gravitation; the name of God suggests light and life. Nature, the nature on the hillside, with its birds, insects, and worms, rebukes the conceits of aristocracy. Forestry notes the benign ascent of beauty, from the thistle to the pine, from the sand burr up through the sumac clump, the prickly ash cluster to the cedar grove. On the hillside, elm, basswood, oak and pine are citizen each in its own right.

So, to the thoughtful, on the hillsides of God, far from the clamor and noise of the crowd, Jew, Catholic, Presbyterian, Methodist, Unitarian, believer and unbeliever, stand consecrated and crowned, each in his own way, in the garden of humanity.

But still there is a disturbing element in this midsummer religion; there is a something that protests against this easy piety; beautiful as is the gospel of the woods, there is something still higher. It is easy to yield to the temptation which Emerson in his youth felt and so happily voiced in his "Good-bye, proud World!"

> "Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;
> To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
> To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
> To supple Office, low and high;
> To crowded halls, to court and street;
> To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
> To those who go, and those who come;
> Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.
>
> I am going to my own hearth-stone,
> Bosomed in yon green hills alone—
> A secret nook in a pleasant land,
> Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
> Where arches green, the livelong day,
> Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
> And vulgar feet have never trod
> A spot that is sacred to thought and God.
>
> O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
> I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
> And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
> Where the evening star so holy shines,
> I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
> At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
> For what are they all, in their high conceit
> When man in the bush with God may meet?"

But Emerson himself did not, by subsequent word or action, carry out this program. He did not turn his back upon the teeming, toiling masses of humanity. Indeed, he grew ashamed of this boyish impatience and would have withdrawn the complaining lines, but the world of men had fallen in love with this lilt of the pine tree and would not give it up.

The disturbing voice in varying tones reminds us that

> "It is for service we are here;
> Not for a throne."

The call of the miserable find us in our rural seclusion and we are ashamed. The vision of the toiler rose before us in the night and our rest grew restless. The knowledge of women fainting in the fetid at-

mosphere of workshops, of little children growing pale in the sunshiny months of July and August for want of pure air, made the forest breath stifling. Conscience, "Stern daughter of the voice of God," as Wordsworth called her, heard the Call of the City, the Call of the Church, the Call of the Individual, the Call of the Home and the Call of the State, and each call was a challenge to something nobler and more profound than the peace of the mountains or the joy of the river; a call to something more imperative than comfort, more satisfying than bliss itself.

Mazzini's great message to the working men and women of Italy, whom he called "Sons and daughters of the people," was not of the rights of man, but of the duties of man. He told them, Rights no doubt exist, but above all the rights, were the more imperative duties. He reminded them that when Jesus came he spoke not of the "rights of the rich nor of the poor, but of duty. He spoke of love, of sacrifice and of faith, and he said that they should be first among all who had contributed most by their labor to the good of all."

Perhaps I have said enough to indicate the reason why I am going to try to interpret these conscience calls in a series of sermons from this desk,—calls which came to me, as they must have come to you, with more imperative as well as more clear demands under the trees than they can come to us in the confusion and hurry of the city. Alas! for the vacation that did not make more audible the calls of conscience. And alas for the working season, the city life, that forgets those calls and makes the life complacent once more in the presence of selfishness and wrong! Alas for the rosary of religion that does not carry other beads than flowers and birds; that does not emphasize the human beatitudes in the great book of Nature. The pure man is a finer thing to contemplate than is the noblest oak that ever grew; a dwarfed, stunted baby is more wonderful than is the most perfect rose.

If we are to go where God is most, where his highest work is, we must not stop on Pine Knob or go down into the marshes and dally with ferns, except as such visits may serve as a kindergarten training for the study of the nobler specimens of God's handiwork, found in the alleys of Chicago, however dirty and malodorous they may be.

God is no rustic; he is not most enamored of places where man is not; he is not partial to his lower children. His diviner glory breaks into view when men and women come into line. Religion under the trees is only half uttered, half realized, unless it drives us back to the haunts of men; unless it makes us ashamed of our seclusion sand indifferences; if it does not equip us for splendid warfare against sin and crime in the high and low places where men gather; unless it drives us in search of the divine that lurks in the eyes of the human.

Botanists find their greatest delight in the marshes and swamps of the world. Perhaps the students of men, experts in the field of human nature, have something of the same experience. God has not abandoned the slums; he does not forget to enter behind prison bars.

How, then, can I interpret the Call of the City, its call upon conscience, a call none the less imperative even if it be unwelcome and resented, though, like the halting Hamlet, we may say—

> "The times are out of joint, O cursed spite,
> That ever I was born to set them right."

The fact remains that there is that within each of us that tells us we were born to right the wrongs of the world, and this demand came to us this summer under the trees if we were found with unstopped ears.

The first Call of the City is the cry of physical distress, the demand of the less favored for consideration and coöperation at the hands of those whom we call the more favored. Here in Chicago, for I would make these calls of conscience very local, very personal, for this is the province of the pulpit, it is the very nature of a sermon. There is a material want, physical discomfort. There are pinched bodies breathing pestilential atmosphere, and we know it. And this in a city of boundless spaces, rimmed on the west by the Mississippi river, with the measureless acres intervening, and the achievements of electricity and steam to annihilate space, with Lake Michigan and its abounding waters on the east of it,—water enough to wash the dirtiest streets, to bathe the most neglected bodies, and with prairie and lake-sweeping winds to give wholesome inspiration to every lung, however weak or diseased. Still, here in this new city, there are tenements that violate every clause in the building ordinances of our city, where human nature is huddled beyond all decency. In this city of great tasks, of unparalleled industry that brings boasted rewards, this city of accumulating millions, this city of luxury, of silks, of satins, of palace houses and auto-car luxuries, there are children underfed, who find inadequate nourishment in diluted or doctored milk, women forced to deny babes their breasts that they may secure meager clothing and inadequate diet for themselves and their children.

This inequality, these cruelties, these physical agonies of the human kind, exist here in Chicago. We need not stop to inquire this morning, Who is to blame? Enough that in the light of science as well as of religion they are blameworthy; enough to declare by the same token that they are remediable; that they ought not to be; that they might be, and must be, prevented. And conscience calls upon us to heed this cry of the city, which found us in our hiding places, which made uneasy our vacation beds.

But there is a misery more profound than that which goes with filthy surroundings, inadequate tenement and meager or unwholesome diet. Lives are thwarted in the city by passion; souls are corrupted by dissipation. Seven thousand saloons and the unnumbered gambling places and brothel houses that draw their inspirations from these saloons, represent an unspeakable multitude of our brothers and our sisters who in this city today would fain evade the light of God's sun in the heavens and the faces of God's children upon earth.

O, the dreary hearts that have bartered away the joys of love! O, the restless minds that have lost the power of high enjoyment, to whom the inspirations of the poet, the revelations of the scientist, the reflections of the sage, are inaccessible, made such by the mad rush for wealth and for position.

The first class of misery we may more or less successfully locate; we may go find them in the Maxwell street territory, in the river wards, along "Archie Road" and "beyant the tracks." But the second class of miseries, soul starvation, mind agonies, know no geographic limits. Hints of this hidden world of spiritual agony in Chicago blaze up, like the hidden fire in charcoal pits, where least expected,—on the boulevards, in the avenue, in the homes of wealth, among the college-bred and the widely traveled,—there are these orphaned children of God, these dis-

franchised citizens in the kingdom of heaven,—and they cry to us; they call us back from our country haunts, plead with us for a refreshing thought, for a reassuring smile, for a helping hand. Like the man overboard, they cry for a plank—anything that they can lay hold of before they sink into the deep waters of despair.

There is still a third appeal, more pathetic, because more hopeless than either the physical or the spiritual sufferer. I refer to the stolidity of the city, to the class which is satisfied, not because their powers are in full and normal play, but because these powers are aborted; they know no pains because they are incapable of high joy,—the dreary, commonplace, life-in-death,—the man of wealth who hears no cry, who believes in no quest, who sees no cause for unrest; the woman in society who is content with the triumphs of her dressmaker, with the compliments of the mirror, with the speed of her automobile; the young woman who prematurely "finishes" her education, and the young man who might, but does not want to, go to school; the boys and girls who want to be let alone to follow life along the lines of least resistance, which is the line of vegetative life.

O, the pathos of shallow happiness! the death of the complacent, whether it be the workman who spends his Sundays in his shirt sleeves spitting tobacco and profane jesting, or the millionaire who knows but two inspirations,—one, the making of money, and the other the spending of the same upon himself and his own.

These needs are the first, most obtrusive elements in the Call of the City, but the city beckons with its privileges and its opportunities as well as with its obligations.

All duties at first are hard, irksome, but when discharged, they grow joyous, welcome. The "stern daughter" becomes a winsome bride. Peace and power wait upon the loyal and the helpful. Says Mazzini, "Not charity but association is the watchword of the future." In the city man comes to his corporate power; in the city evolution reaches the social unity, the combined life of man. Art, poetry, music, and architecture are not some realm apart which we call "human," but the very flowering of nature, the blossom and fruitage on the tree of life.

Looked at simply from its biological, scientific, aspect, the city is the most interesting manifestation of life on this earth. Last summer on Tower Hill young and old were seen gathered in groups intently watching the tremendous activity, the bustling energy, of the solitary wasp known as the "Golden Digger." Brilliant in color, hustling in habit, he seemed to be an animated flame bent only on excavating his home and depositing therein his wealth. He knew not fear, would not be turned aside. Content in his personal quest, he brooked no interruption and refused all intercourse.

That Golden Digger has his human counterpart in the city,—the hustler, the self-centered, the solitary. The human digger may call it "business"; the result of his digging may be told in millions of dollars rather than in the golden bank of sand; but the most inveterate human miser is, to say the least, more curious, more successful, more wonderful, than the solitary wasp in his sand house.

The ant hill is a wonderful study, one that challenges the enthusiasm of the scientist. Men like Sir John Lubbock have given months and years of time to the study of the ant hill, and the records of that study make books more charming than fiction. But what is an ant hill compared with a human city, with its greater complexity, its more subtle division of labor. The triumphant aggregations of power and wisdom that build pyramids, cathedrals, palaces, temples, thrones, fortresses and war ships, all witness to the marvelous complications, the unspeakable ramifications of life, which, in the intelligence of man ripen into a sense of a divine unity—the thought of God and eternity. The city thus studied breaks into a sense of glory ineffable.

The voice that calls us from the woods to the city calls us indeed to duties hard, unattractive, but imperative; but at the same time it calls us to privileges high and holy; it invites us to beatific heights more serene and sublime than any found in the ranges of the Rockies, the Andes, or the snow-capped Himalayas.

One of the most human and humanizing stories in the English language is Walter Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." Probably it was the most germinal of any story of its period. Written in 1882, it may well be considered a part of the movement represented by Toynbee Hall and the Hull House. It has been a quickening force in thousands of lives and hundreds of movements.

The story is built about the life of a young man of humble parentage, a child of poverty who received the education and culture made possible through the generous wealth of a foster father, and of a young woman who found herself burdened with the responsibilities of a vast fortune. These two, each in their own way, sought to find what lot they might have with the toiling masses from which they came and to which they primarily belonged in the great city of London. Each disguising their fortunes, sought to be a fellow being, a co-worker, a neighbor and companion, with the crowded and pinched life in the East End of London. By simply bringing the sunshine of their own lives, the added wisdom and the increased power that was theirs, to bear in a homely, direct way upon the lives of the few people it was given them to live with. They wrought a mighty change, at least in a few lives, and filled their own souls with sunshine and ultimate power and glory.

"All Sorts and Conditions of Men" is an old story now. Few people read old stories; it is safe to assume that most of you have read it, but this morning I beg to offer it as a part of my sermon on "The Call of the City," and beg those who have never read it before to read it now, and those who have read it once to read it again.

The author on the title page of the book calls it "An Impossible Story," but hastens in his preface to say:

> "I have been told by certain friendly advisers that this story is impossible. I have, therefore, stated the fact on the title page, so that no one may complain of being taken in or deceived. But I have never been able to understand why it is impossible."

It required more courage in 1882 to declare this a possible story than it does now, for, during the twenty-four years that have gone the darkest corners of great cities have been illuminated; sunlight has been let into the gloomiest corridors of wretched tenements; the slums have, in more than one instance, been washed clean, renovating lives as well as rooms. It is now more clear than it was twenty-four years ago that happiness does not always lie near the top of the social pyramid; it is more clear that even the mo-

notony of the dreariest life in the city is relieved by hope, anxiety, love and death.

How is this to be done? The fundamental element in the philosophy of Angela Messenger was the spiritual value of discontent. She said, "Without discontent nothing can be done." "Discontent," she said, "lifts men out of the level of the beasts." The Palace of Delight was planned and built because, she said, "We must have it, if it is only to make the people discontented."

I believe that she was profoundly right. The call of the city which reached us in the country was the call to come back and shake the complacent out of their torpidity, to make the ignorant ashamed of his ignorance, to fill working men with a holy discontent with their present status, making the capitalist uneasy in his wealth, distrustful of his success, to humble him in the presence of the luxuries that isolate him, the dreary elegance that imprisons him. Where discontent is not, there, as Walter Besant shows, is joylessness. "There may be giggling but no laughter, for the ability to laugh is a high achievement of the spirit," says our author:

> "My friends, lay this to heart, and ponder. It is not until a certain standard of cultivation is reached that people do laugh at things. They only began in the last century, and then only in a few salons. When all the world laughs, the perfection of humanity will have been reached, and the comedy will have been played out."

Religion itself is dependent on happiness. Below a certain level in every great city, says the book:

> "There is no religion—men have grown dead to their higher instincts; they no longer feel the possibilities of humanity; faith brings to them no more the evidence of things unseen. They have crowded together so that they have ceased to feel their individuality. The crowd is eternal—they are part of that eternity; if one drops out he is not missed. Nobody considers that it will be his turn some day to drop out. Life is nothing forever and ever but work in the week, with as much beer and tobacco as the money will run to, and loafing on Sundays, with more beer and tobacco."

This probably is the reason why the upper and lower stratas of society, economically speaking, are alike beyond the reach of the church, indifferent to the ministrations of religion, stolid to the emotions of the heart, unmoved by prayer and largely untouched by hymn and liturgy. Life grows monotonous, dull, dead, when it sinks below the minimum of freedom and joyousness, or when it rises above a minimum of comradeship, coöperation, struggle.

So the call of the city that reached us in the country was the call of "All sorts and conditions of men," uniting in a cry for a more far-reaching democracy. The reason why the country road as yet interests us more than the city street is that we are not educated far enough; our knowledge is too limited, our imagination too weak, to see the great harmonies, the over-arching unities, the common kinship that belongs to the one as to the other.

O, the splendid democracy of the city, could we but only reach it! O, the magnificent brotherhood that weaves in one landscape of the spirit, washerwoman, dressmaker, school teacher, mistress of the boulevard and queen of the alley!

O, the great common life that touches with tears the employer and the employe, the millionaire and the elevator boy, the man who is happy in his income of a dollar and a half a day and the man who is unhappy because his million misses its last quarter!

The lesson of the forest is the primal lesson of brotherhood; the woods is the kindergarten of the spirit; the city is the college hall of the same. Profitable indeed is the kindergarten training, but alas for the adult who seeks no education beyond its simple gifts and games. This, I take it, is the meaning of Sidney Lanier's "Ballad of Trees and the Master":

> "Into the woods my Master went,
> Clean forspent, forspent,
> Into the woods my Master came,
> Forspent with love and shame.
> But the olives they were not blind to him,
> The little gray leaves were kind to him,
> The thorn-tree had a mind to him
> When into the woods he came.
>
> Out of the woods my Master went,
> And he was well content.
> Out of the woods my Master came,
> Content with death and shame.
> When Death and Shame would woo his last,
> From under the trees they drew him last;
> 'Twas on a tree they slew him—last
> When out of the woods he came."

Friends, only he has profited by his outing who comes out of the woods content to meet, if needs be, death and shame; who comes equipped with new courage to face the crucifixions of the higher quest; to face, if needs be, Gethsemane's loneliness, aye, Calvary itself, only so that the city, the higher garden of God, be made beautiful with public spirit, gracious with self-denial, joyous in brotherhood.

> "What though we be hated of all men, he that endureth to the end shall be saved."

To this high ministry of the social compact the common life of man, does the city call us.

The Fighter

I said, "The dust is in my eyes
  So hot, so blind, I cannot see;
Then lead me home by hill and dell,
  By hedge and tree."

Like one who throws his quest aside
  And leaves the battle to the strong,
I stole away. The woods were green,
  The paths were long.

I sang, "These hills are my own hills,
  And these wide fields are wondrous dear."
The green lights soothed my eyes, the wind
  Ravished my ears.

Still far behind, beyond the rim
  Of rounded hills, I heard the crash
Of falling horses and the din
  Of shields that clash.

And though I wandered on, and found
  The woodland bowers deep and kind,
I could not win beyond the sound
  Of strife behind.

I said, "The red dust hurts my eyes;
  Swords smote me; yet the shields were bright,
The flags were brave. I wonder now
  How goes the fight?"

I found my shield beneath a tree;
  I found my horse beside the way.
I cried, "Dear hills, I'll woo your peace
  Some other day!"

So I rode back, by wood and dell,
  From rest and safety. Almost spent,
I gained the madness of the fight,
  And found content!

—*Theodore Roberts.*

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Politics in New York.

The "Empire" state unquestionably holds the stage in the political world. Contrary to public expectation William R. Hearst was nominated for Governor at the Democratic Convention last week and Democrats who hold honor and patriotism above partisanship have very generally promised to bolt the ticket. Had the Republicans nominated a machine politician, as we anticipated, there might have been a general demand for Jerome as an independent candidate, and very likely he would have been elected; but the action of the Republicans was as fortunate for them and for the state as that of the Democrats was censurable. Whether or not President Roosevelt influenced the nomination of Mr. Hughes, as is reported, it is certainly true that this determined and fearless investigator of the insurance companies is as independent of partisanship, as loyal to high principles, as responsive to the demands of justice and duty as Mr. Jerome or any other possible candidate. There seems to us every reason for hoping that Mr. Hughes will be the next Governor of New Work; in any event, bossism has received a very definite check and the election of Mr. Hearst would only be a further step in the process of education—after which an honest Democracy would get a hearing.

Prisoner No. 9902.

Paul O. Stensland, the absconding president of the Milwaukee Avenue Bank, arrested in Tangier, Morocco, and brought back to Chicago, spent only four hours in the city last Wednesday; pleading guilty he was sentenced to the state's prison at Joliet, where he will neither play the races nor even smoke, but will work for his board at the hands of the state. We hope the young readers of his story will not be so enamored of his fleeting success in iniquity as to miss the convincing demonstration of the real wages of unrighteousness.

More Trouble in Zion.

Dr. Dowie is no longer a factor in the rulership of Zion, having signalized his forced retirement with a bitter denunciation of his wife and son that fails to prove his conviction that "Love suffereth long and is kind"; and still there is not peace. Wilbur Glenn Voliva is unquestioned spiritual and commercial leader, but there are new prophets continually appearing, and now even a prophetess striving to establish a community of free love in Zion. Those once attracted by Dowie and then won away from him do not seem to be proof against the host of quack nostrums which are ever seeking disciples. The assets of Zion are appraised at about $2,000,000; liabilities, $6,000,000, and Voliva is reported dissatisfied with the lack of loyalty and faith in his leadership. The end is not yet.

Death of Rev. Ensign.

The death of Rev. F. G. Ensign, superintendent of the American Sunday School Union, removed to the higher field of labor an honored and efficient leader in religious enterprises, an enthusiast in Sunday school work, who brought thousands of young people into its privileges. He was one who built for the future and whose works will live after him in a thousand communities.

Uncle Sam in Cuba.

The event of national importance last week was the formal intervention of the United States in Cuba and the establishment of a provisional govrenment by Secretary Taft in the name of the United States, but for and in behalf of the Republic of Cuba. There is much newspaper talk about annexation, but no ground for it as yet. The administration has done the only thing it could do; the President of the United States was sworn to execute the laws of this country, and the Platt amendment, which is an integral part of the Cuban Constitution formally ratified by all parties concerned, as much makes it the duty of the President to preserve law and order in Cuba as in Georgia, if and whenever the local government is inadequate therefor or ceases to exist. Many citizens of the United States doing business in Cuba were in danger of mob violence and their property being destroyed. The administration would have failed in its duty if it had ignored the crisis which threatened to overthrow and eventually did destroy the constitutional government of Cuba. The stars and stripes on Cuban soil today mean just what they did in 1898—the maintenance of law and order and the preservation of liberty for every man, woman and child able to enjoy it. In due time the Republic of Cuba, which has neither been maltreated nor destroyed, will be given another start by its big, generous Uncle Sam on the roadway of self-government. Annexation may come to pass, but if so, let it be in response to the expressed wish of the Cuban people themselves.

More Corporations.

In spite of the ban placed on corporations by Colonel Bryan the record for the month of September, just compiled, shows that in three states —Maine, New York and New Jersey—the capitalization of great corporations was much larger than normal. In September last year the aggregate capitalization or nominal investment was $53,000,000, against $161,800,000 this year.

Italian Ambassador Resigns.

A cable message from Rome says Baron Des Planches, ambassador to the United States from Italy, has resigned. It is reported in Washington that he withdrew from the diplomatic service rather than continue in Washington with Mr. Root as Secretary of State. The ground of hostility toward the latter is that Mr. Root acted as counsel for the directors of the Metropolitan Art Museum in New York, when the Sculptor Biondi's "Saturnalia" was rejected by them. Thus does art and morals influence affairs of nations.

Young Roosevelt Arrested.

Theodore, Jr., who is attending Harvard College, was reported under arrest last week for an alleged assault on a policeman during a college prank, but no warrant was granted against him when the matter was investigated. Reports differ as to the questions involved, but the matter is of little moment.

Mayors in Chicago.

The Tenth Annual Convention of the League of American Municipalities was held in Chicago last week. At the closing session on Friday municipal ownership was very fully discussed, but the members in attendance refused to go on record either favoring or opposing. Mayor Dunne was elected president for the next year, and John McVicor, Des Moines, Iowa, secretary.

Gale on Gulf Coast.

An equinoctial storm of great violence struck the gulf coast the middle of last week, doing great damage to property and causing much loss of life. The wind piled up a great flood tide which wrecked wharves and strewed the coast with disabled shipping. Mobile and Pensacola suffered most, the dead in these two places being estimated from 75 to 100. The Mississippi delta is largely under water and Mississippi towns suffered severely. At Pensacola the "worst hurricane in its history" is said to have destroyed $5,000,000 worth of property. C. A. O.

The Assassination Mania.

A new assassination plot against President Fallieres of France is reported from Marseilles. It can have no clear purpose back of it, for no man open to reason can suppose that government is going to stop because a ruler here and there is murdered. Yet that is the only idea that any one seems to discover back of such attempts as this, or the one against the King of Spain. We cannot hope to prevent such attempts, though their success may be prevented by ceaseless vigilance. Men open neither to reason nor fear nor any of the ordinary claims of morality are not easy to handle, but it is possible that the mania may after a while disappear. So long as conditions continue disturbed in Russia, so that assassination sometimes serves an effective purpose there, we must look for its senseless recurrence all over the civilized world.

Four articles on educational topics appear in the September *Review of Reviews*. The editor, Dr. Albert Shaw, treats at length, in a copiously illustrated article, "What Hampton Means by 'Education'"; Mr. H. V. Ross tells of certain successful experiments in New York City in the line of instructing business and professional men in their own vocations in an illustrated paper under the title: "Schools for the Out-of-School"; Mr. Alexander Petrunkévich, son of the well-known Constitutional Democratic leader of the now defunct Russian Duma, discusses "Education and Revolution in Russia"; and there is a sympathetic editorial description of the apprentice school maintained by the Hoe Printing Company in New York.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father.? Hath not one God created us?

The Basis of Church Union

All experiences to the contrary notwithstanding, there are frequent attempts to secure a union of various denominations on the basis of some detailed theological statement of faith. Our Baptist friends are just now seeking a union with the Free Baptists, and while much has been accomplished in a most fraternal and helpful interchange of courtesies, the conviction is still held in some quarters that any union must mean an identity of theological beliefs. The National Committee of Baptists recently declared that the theological differences between the two bodies, particularly in regard to "The Divine Sovereignty, Regeneration and the Election of Grace," have disappeared, and hence an agreement is possible along all lines. Last month the Westfield Baptist Association, meeting in Springfield, Mass., held a lively debate on this proposition and confessed to considerable doubt about the present status of the theological debate; it was decided to submit the matter to the votes of the local churches. It would seem to very many of us that few local churches in any denomination are prepared to vote intelligently and dogmatically on such tenets of faith. It is safe to say that virtually all churches of all Protestant denominations include in their membership individuals more widely separated in their personal conceptions and convictions, or their creeds, than are these two divisions of the Baptist denomination, or almost any other division of the Protestant church. It seems to us beyond debate that the only possible basis of union among any and all churches is a platform of ministry and service. Confronted with the problems of the world's needs, men may be willing to lay aside their differences and join hands in a crusade of pure religion. But that it will ever be possible for men of profound convictions, men of strong character, who have grown up under different conditions in different environments, to formulate and agree upon a detailed theological system, seems to us exceedingly doubtful. We quote with hearty approval from an editorial of *The Congregationalist* on the subject of the proposed union among Baptists:

"If union can be promoted through popular expression of opinion by church votes as to differences on these and kindred theological doctrines, the method proposed by the Westfield Association seems likely to prove interesting. We doubt much if a more intelligent vote could be had in any local church than in the association itself, whose members admitted that they could not decide the question. We will not presume to speak for Baptists, but we do not believe that one in five of the members of Congregational churches could give without special study a clear definition of any of the doctrines mentioned above, as expressed in church creeds. If sufficient interest in this subject could be aroused in local churches to cause discussion—which we doubt—we think the dictionaries would receive increased attention. The fathers contended hotly over these doctrines, but the books they wrote and read about them rest peacefully under the accumulated dust of years. Denominations in our time are not impelled toward union on a common basis of detailed statement of speculative theology, but by experience of oneness of spirit in devotion to one Lord and by welcoming the opportunity to work together to extend his kingdom."

Religious Education Association

The Fourth Annual Convention of the Religious Education Association will be held in Rochester, N. Y., February 5-7 next. The program is certainly a very attractive one, including topics less academic than formerly and likely to prove of more popular interest and value. Among the themes selected for the closing session are "The Quickening of the Public Conscience" and "The Responsibility of a Christian Nation for the Religious Education of the World." These topics have to do rather more with social regeneration than with any merely academic problems, and ought to secure a very wide general interest. We hope that in spite of the great loss the association has sustained in the death of its founder and inspirer, President Harper, there yet remains a future of increasing usefulness for this large federation in the name of religion.

C. A. O.

The Dress Problem

Dear Unity: Life at Tower Hill is wholesome and very, very simple; so simple that we have been led to give some thought to the complexities of the outside fashionable, or try-to-be fashionable, world. The "try-to-be class" are the overwhelming majority and exemplify to an alarming degree the evils of Fashion.

We have tried to take up the question in a systematic way with Mrs. Lachman, of St. Louis, as our leader. We realized the enormity of the question and our ability to do but little toward reforming the evils of Fashion; but that little we were anxious to undertake, and we hope others will be glad to join us in our efforts. The topics discussed and some of the results of the discussion follow:

Fashion. To what does it contribute?

Answer: It works in the interest of the manufacturer, the dressmaker, the milliner, the dry goods merchant, and it furnishes employment to thousands of men, women and children.

Its Evils. It makes self-conscious little prigs of our small children, who grow into frivolous women, and flippant men. It makes slaves of mothers and often criminals of fathers to keep up the pace. It puts an *unnecessary* strain upon people in all walks of life to keep up with the fashion. It is a terrible temptation to our girls and women employed either as servants, clerks or teachers. It brings in its train all the fashionable bad habits of smoking, drinking and gambling, and all that goes therewith. It admits bad men and women to the society of our innocent boys and girls without even a weak protest from parents. It makes the sweat-shop possible.

Cause, Commercialism and Folly. The manufacturers, the managers of big dry goods houses, the milliners and the *demi monde* make the fashions, and silly *men* and women, like sheep, follow the leaders. While men have progressed far beyond women in the utility of their clothing, there are few who would choose the plainly dressed, sensible girl at a public gathering if her fashionable sister were available. Man, young or old, is as much the slave of fashionable woman as she is the slave of fashion.

Remedy. Teach our *boys* and girls the history of Fashion and show them how she breaks the laws of Art, Nature and God. Give an intelligent—not a *consuming*—thought to dress. Adopt as becoming a style in dress as your taste or that of the most *artistic* dressmaker can invent and wear it as long as you feel inconspicuous in it; then try again. If it is artistic and becoming you will not have to try very soon.

Esteem persons for the good they have done and not for their dress. Let mothers, fathers, teachers and preachers show *special* attention to the plainly dressed but most worthy boys and girls, men and women, thereby recognizing true worth.

Frances Mallory,
One of the Committee.

THE STUDY TABLE

*A Woman's Confessions

What would one have in a book—amusement, instruction, moral help or a life-portrait in black and white from which to gain such of these as one may? The answer to the query of the title of this book we are considering* is "Life." In a letter to the lover who is to be her second husband a woman writes the detailed story of her own life; her dreary childhood on a farm in western New York, where existence seemed "all work and worry"; her ambitious struggles for an education in order to "be somebody," a few terms at "the Institute" being grudgingly granted by her father; school-teaching begun at the age of thirteen, followed by a sudden and frightful moral danger narrowly escaped; then a happy marriage to a young physician, ill-health and widowhood. Later, after all home ties had been broken by death, had come opportunities for voluntary mingling with lowly workers and testing the different burdens and problems of her fellowmen and women.

The word "Confessions" in the sub-title will attract readers; there is a "call of the blood" that makes all such human documents interesting. If at first the impression is produced, partly by the chapter mottoes, that the author has steeped herself in Mrs. Browning and poses as another Aurora Leigh, a more generous judgment follows, and due credit must be given for the evident purpose of the book to be helpful, as indicated in one familiar quotation:

> "The world waits
> For help. Beloved, let us love so well
> Our work shall still be better for our love,
> And still our love be sweeter for our work."

The woman's growth and development may be traced from the time when, back from one term at the Institute, she found "No books, no congenial companions, no railroad within nine miles; nothing but disorganized household drudgery—talk about Siberia!" to the later period when sympathy had been transferred from self to others, and she could write: "What rational being dare have other feelings for poor deluded humans like himself than compassion? Who are we who judge?" In parts pretty near the ground, yet the book soars! If at times it seem to fly too high, and be lost amid incomprehensible vaporings and vagueness, that indicates, we think, that the author is one who has seen and learned rather than divined. But it is because she thus represents so large a constituency in this restless age that her undoubtedly genuine experiences, not so much out of the ordinary as to seem improbable, will have a certain moving power, even while most of the emotions and opinions expressed seem not exactly fresh from the mint.

"Only those lives need be barren that are lived for self. When smiles sent daggers to my heart and happy faces mocked me with their joy, 't was work and sacrifice that saved me whole. Take no one's word: just do the thing that calls for these, then tell me if great Nature does not compensate!"

"Persistent self! source of all our annoyance!"

"Small wonder is it that the multitudes wait, listening for the voices of prophets crying in the wilderness. High time it is for men to much marvel; due time for murmurings to go abroad of race solidarity and brotherhood. Pruning-hooks, plowshares and peace against swords, sabers and strenuosity. This way draws gravity—drive on your chariots of fire!"

"What would one have? *Life!* Life abundant—more and most abundant."

These are good current coin, though many have handled them; and the entire book, the long love letter, may prove, as the author suggests, "a sort of presentment of many unwritten love letters pent up thrilling and throbbing in inarticulate human hearts."

ELLEN BRADFORD STEBBINS.

*What Would One Have? A Woman's Confessions. Boston. James H. West Co. $1 net.

Notes.

I am in receipt, from Charles Scribner's Sons, of "The Tides of Barnegat," by F. Hopkinson Smith. I read one hundred pages of this book, as a duty, without finding a spark of genius, or any possible reason why the book should be written. I have looked through the rest of it, and the puzzle grows on me to the end. There are a few pleasant pages, and a scattering of tolerable sentences; but the characters are of waste material, of little value—old leftovers for the most part, from Mr. Smith's other works. The character Lucy might be possible, but is impossible as the sister of one of the best characters in the book. The dramatic windup, where Captain Holt goes through a lot of damning and fist swinging, could just as well be dispensed with—as could the whole book.

From the same firm, Charles Scribner's, I am in receipt of "Sir John Constantine," by A. T. Quiller-Couch. This volume is fully equal to the author's previous work, and it can be purchased with confidence that a few hours of interesting reading is before the purchaser. Mr. Quiller-Couch says of himself that his calling "ties him to no office stool, makes him no man's slave, and compels him to no action that his soul condemns." Best of all, it sets him free to live in the country, for he loathes town life, and believes in exercising his limbs as well as his brain. He does not expect nor care for a fortune, he only desires to make his living, and smell the sea every morning. He is a mighty good story teller.

Henry Holt sends me "Nature and Health," a treatise on Hygiene of a popular sort, yet it is right up to the age. The author tells us that he has done his work out of doors, under the open sky, and he hopes his book will carry the clean, pure, invigorating atmosphere of life and liberty to everybody who reads it. I have a pile of these health books, and I am inclined to think that this is the best one that I have ever seen. It does not go wild over some hobby, and it is wonderfully sweet and clean. I think I can recommend this book to every reader as one of those that will help him to live better, nobler and truer, as well as healthier. It would make a good text book.

From Chas. Scribner's Sons comes "The History of Ancient Civilization," translated from the work of Chas. Seignobos, Professor of History at the Sorbonne. We all need an up-to-date history of civilization; a history free from the bias of accepted books of inspiration, and here we have just about what we need. He is generous in his discussions of different nations, with their varying religions. The book is very well proportioned, and so far as I have been able to study, it will not come seriously under the criticism of our best scholarship—at any point. I shall make use of this book with my boys and girls.

E. P. POWELL.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—To be useful in the world by performing some honest task, to do one's share of labor, gains for every one the title of "Man," regardless of creed, nationality, color or race.

MON.—You and I are not responsible for our color, but we may be responsible for what we are morally.

TUES.—In a society where every man is regarded as a man, there is no oppression, no misery, no uncertainty as to tomorrow.

WED.—Let us pluck the weeds and thorns of malice, and with a brotherly feeling let us clasp the hand of our brother, the black man.

THUR:.—Any man who is fond of books is nearer to being a man than any color can make him.

FRI.—No one can be truly free if he is not allowed to enjoy equal opportunities. Woman is man's equal and should, therefore, have equal rights and equal liberties.

SAT.—Remember that you are not to talk about theories of freedom, rights and duties, and when it comes time to act, be exactly as you have been when these theories were unknown to you.
—*Selections from "The New Life," by O. Leonard.*

The Woman's Burden

(A Synopsis.)

Ope your eyes,
Time to rise;
Oh, my head!
Out of bed.
Twist hair,
Say prayer,
Now tear
Down stair.

Start the fire;
Spryer! Spryer!
Saw up wood,
Breakfast food.
Hungry chickens.
Hens! hot mash;
Oatmeal thickens;
Start the hash.

Milk she strains,
Washes pans,
Eggs she cleans,
Mends the screens.
Just one bite,
Washes dishes;
Scrub stove bright,
Duster switches.

Ag'nized peep,
Chicken's caught;
Rooms to sweep;
Fill the pot.
Cake to bake,
Pies to make,
Lawn to rake,
Beds to make.

Mends some hose,
Washes clothes.
Potatoes;
Then she sews.
Takes up ashes,
Lines a heel,
Paints the sashes,
Starts noon meal.

Chop, chop, chop;
Mop, mop, mop;
Rub, rub, rub;
Scrub, scrub, scrub;
Dash, dash, dash;
Crash, crash, crash;
Mash, mash, mash;
Splash, splash, splash.

Drops some corn,
Noon's you're born;
Cats forlorn;
Dinner horn.
Now must bake
Dog's johnny-cake;
Trash to dump,
Pump, pump, pump.

Cleans the sink,
Dishes chink;
Scrubs the zinc,
Chicks must drink.
Lola's lesson;
Try this dress on;
Ethel's waist,
Pieced and faced.

Chicks to feed.
Here's a weed!
Clothes are dry,
Girls be spry.
Clothes to fold,
Flats are cold!
Half not told—
Mustn't scold!

Cleans hen-houses,
Slaughters louses.
Butter's come;
Marcus' thumb!
Tea prepare;
Hungry felines.
Dog beware!
Charge on pea-vines.

Butter stamps,
Cleans the lamps;
Shuts up chicks,
Saws some sticks—
Ten at least!
Now for bread.
Grocer th' yeast;
Then to bed.

Day all gone!
Nothing done!
Tired to die!
Don't see why!
Can't seem to keep
From going to sleep,
And work not planned for
Tomor-or-or—

—*E. H. M.*

The Valley of Life

When I was a child joyfully I ran, hand clasped in hand, now with my mother, now with my father, or with younger, blithe companions, now in sunlight, now in shadow and dread, through the strange new Valley of Life.

Sometimes on the highroad, then over the fields and meadows, or through the solemn forests; sometimes along the happy brookside, listening to its music or the roaring of the falls, as the pleasant waters hurried, or grew still, in the winding way down the Valley of Life.

And as we went along, hand clasped in hand, sometimes the hand-clasp was broken, and I, a happy child, ran swiftly aside from the path to gather flower or fruit or get sight of a singing bird; or to lean down and pluck a pearly stone from under the lapping waves; or climbed a tree and swayed, shouting, on its waving boughs,—then returned to the clasp of loving hands, and so passed on and down the opening Valley of Life.

In the bright morning I walked wondering; wondering I walked through the still twilight and many-colored sunset; watching the great stars gather, and lost in the mystery of worlds beyond numbers and spaces beyond thought,—till, side by side, we lay down to sleep under the stars in the Valley of Life and of Dreams.

Then there came a time when the hands that held me—the loving hands that guided my steps and drew me gently on—turned cold, and slipped from my grasp; I waited, but they came not back, and slowly and alone I plodded on down the Valley of Life and of Death.

Where went they?—I asked my heart and the whispering waters and the sighing trees—where went my loving and well-beloved guides; did they climb the hills and tarry; did they, tired, lie down to sleep and forget me forever; leaving me to journey on without their dear care down the long Valley of Life?

I could not know, for I heard no answer except my own heart's beating. But other comrades came,—one dearer than all,—and as time went on I felt the little hands of my own children clasping mine while, once more happy and elate, with them I traveled down the miraculous Valley of Life.

But, as on I wander, hearing their bright voices, and seeing their joy upon the way,—their happy chasings here and there, their eager run to hold again our hands,—how soon, I think, shall I feel the slipping away of the clasping fingers while I fall asleep by the wayside, or climb the cloud-enveloped hills, and leave those I love to journey on down the lonely Valley of Life?

And I say, surely the day and the hour hasten; grief will be theirs for a season; then will they, as did I, with brave hearts journey on the appointed way—but where then shall my spirit rest? Will it sink unconscious into endless night? or shall I, in some new dawn, and by some unimagined miracle not less than that which brought me here, wander, with those that led me once, and that I led, hand clasped in hand as of old, by the murmuring waters and under the singing trees of the ever wonderful, the never-ending Valley of Life?—*Richard Watson Gilder, in Putnam's Monthly, October.*

A character is like an acrostic or Alexandrian stanza: read it forward, backward, or across, it still spells the same thing. We pass for what we are: character teaches above our wills.—*Emerson.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

THE NATIONAL CATHOLIC CHURCH OF FRANCE.—From the Signal de Genève we learn that the first Catholic society to organize under the new law regarding the so-called *"Associations cultuelles"* is the parish of Culey, near Loisey (Meuse). After a brave struggle of seventeen months against the autocracy of the Bishop of Verdun and the clericalism of the departmental authorities, this parish has just organized a National Catholic Association for worship and issues an appeal to all others about to be founded under the new regime. A Paris journal, *France et Evangile,* has espoused the cause of these associations. Two Parisian advocates and several political notabilities have promised their aid in defending this cause of freedom of worship. All republican communes desirous of electing and supporting priests who are liberal, progressive men and good citizens, are advised to address themselves for information useful in the effort to the Secretary of the National Catholic Associations for Worship, *18, rue du Lunain,* Paris XIV.

The "Appeal" follows this announcement and is a most interesting Catholic document, which we reproduce in substance:

"An important law, stimulating to progress, has recently changed the whole face of religious conditions in France. Henceforth it is a question of grouping around the Gospel and our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, under the traditional forms of the Catholic worship, all those religious souls who cannot resign themselves to the disappearance of religion in our country.

"The danger is a double one.

"Atheism is organizing and is showing itself as uncompromising in its negative dogmas as the politico-religious clericalism that engendered it.

"The future will not belong to any sectarian dogma, whether atheistic or clerical. It will belong—of this we are profoundly convinced—to a religion inspired by the profound needs of the human soul and one that knows how to combine respect for a glorious past with the aspirations of the new day.

"We believe in the necessity of a moral conversion for every man once he has caught a glimpse of the reality of evil in himself and of the abuses in society.

"We believe in the existence of a personal God making himself inwardly known to every man who seeks him with all his heart. We believe in Jesus Christ, Saviour of the individuals and redeemer of the nations, who attach themselves to him as as their ideal, who accept him as their Master and desire to carry on his work of individual redemption and social justice.

"We believe in the spirit of God, which Jesus Christ gives as soon as we place ourselves in the proper moral and religious conditions to receive it.

"We believe in the Christian Catholic Church—that is to say, in the society of free believers—such as Jesus of Nazareth, its indisputable head, sought to establish it, and has established it, upon the earth.

"We respect the ecclesiastical hierarchy, but, in conformity with the rules of the primitive Catholic Church, we demand that its titularies be primarily nominated by free election.

"We shall maintain with all our might the liberty and autonomy of the parishes while at the same time striving to bring about their fraternal federation throughout the whole extent of French territory.

"In short, notwithstanding the selfish antagonisms of classes and sometimes of the churches themselves, we believe in the establishment of the Kingdom of God on the earth, as foretold by all the prophets and willed by Jesus Christ.

"This Kingdom of God is nothing else than the progressive abolition of social iniquities and the reign of human brotherhood in justice and in love, according to the word of Christ, 'Love ye one another as I have loved you.'

"We shall be asked, 'What is our programme?' We reply, 'The Gospel!' 'What is our banner?' Again, 'The Gospel!' 'Does not the Gospel demand, above all, moral and brotherly conduct?' That is the beautiful religion of Christ that ought to be preached. To become effective, religious preaching must be supported by the personal example of him who speaks. Without this daily practice any theory, whatever it may be, is born dead and only serves to kill the religious sentiment in sincere and thoughtful consciences.

"We address ourselves in all confidence to all the believers determined to create and to sustain the national Catholic parishes who will adopt this programme.

"We shall always refuse to put religion at the service of political, party interests, persuaded that we remain faithful to the spirit of the primitive church in never separating in our hearts the love of religion and devotion to the republic.

"There is not a single enlightened priest in France, nor even a single conscientious bishop, who does not feel the imperative necessity of a reform in the Catholic Church. Without this reform France will be abandoned to the ravages of unbelief.

"Humble pioneers in so great an undertaking, we have no other aim, no other ambition, than that of offering our coöperation to other willing souls.

"May all those who think as we do, and who are with us, send notice of their adherence as soon as possible.

"'If God is with us, who will be against us?'

"That God may be with us, let us first remain with Him." M. E. H.

In Minneapolis

A Word from President Northrop.

David P. Jones has been nominated for re-election. The contest at the primaries Sept. 18 was the most exciting Minneapolis has ever known. The whole power of the saloon element was arrayed against him, and thousands of Democrats voted the Republican ballot instead of the Democratic in order to elect or defeat Mayor Jones. Of these much the larger portion voted against him. The weak spot in our primary election law is its inability to prevent one party's selecting the candidate for the other party. Thus Mayor Ames was nominated some years ago. He was a candidate for nomination as a Democrat at the election just closed and received a total of 262 votes. That shows some improvement in Minneapolis. In the recent contest Mayor Jones received a majority of about 1,000. He received more than 17,000 votes and his opponent more than 16,000. If only Republicans had voted, his majority would have been not far from 5,000. What the result of the election in November will be it is impossible now to say, though I feel reasonably certain that Mayor Jones will be re-elected.

David P. Jones was born in Minneapolis in 1860. He is a Congregationalist and one of the corporate members of the American Board. He is a graduate of the University of Minnesota. He is a man of high character, true to the best principles and courageous in the discharge of duty. As mayor he has en-

forced the laws as they have not been enforced before. The saloons have been absolutely closed on Sunday. Public gambling has been abolished. Other vices have been compelled to retire from public view. The city may well be proud of the reputation it has gained by his administration, and it is to be hoped that it will not lose this reputation by failure to re-elect him. In the contest for nomination Mayor Jones has confined his claim for support entirely to the record he has made and has uniformly asserted that if elected he would continue to enforce the laws as in the past, and no one doubts that he will.

The churches of Minneapolis of all denominations have stood nobly for good citizenship and for Mayor Jones, and for once have shown that they can vote as well as pray. The general moral uplift in the country under President Roosevelt's influence has been a great help to us in Minneapolis, and there is a noticeable increase of independence in voting and freedom from party allegiance. While of course the principles which men support are the first essential, mere political principles no longer control in municipal contests as they once did, and a candidate for office cannot be sure of the support of everybody in the party simply because he bears the party label. Courage, fidelity, honesty, morality are called for as never before, and it is encouraging to note how these qualities are appreciated and honored in many cases where we should not naturally expect them to be. Today the man who does his duty in public office is the man who has a political future. *Cyrus Northrop.*

University of Minnesota, Sept. 21.

From *Congregationalist.*

Personal.

Miss Rosa Ingraham will receive private pupils in Manual Training after October 1. Address 5225 Woodlawn avenue.

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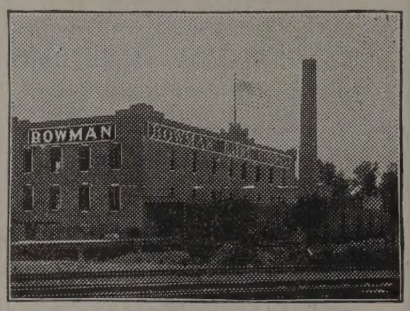

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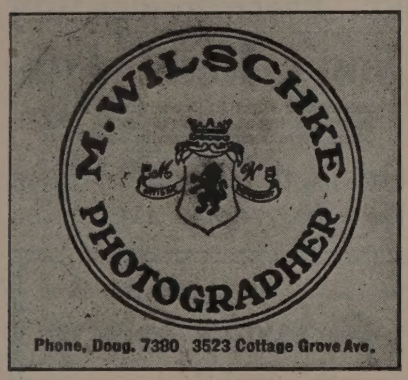

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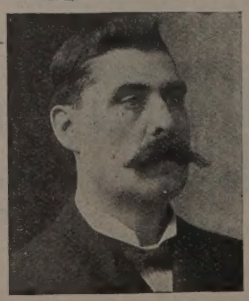

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